

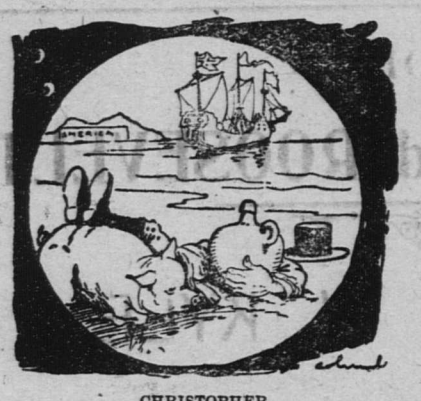
DRINK COLD WATER.

QUIT BOOZING AND KEEP SOBER AND YOU WILL BECOME FAMOUS.

Q. Hope Jones, the Famous Temperance Lecturer, Cites a Few Historic Examples to Prove the Truth of This Proposition.

[Copyright, 1900, by C. B. Lewis.] My Dear Fellow Citizens—It is my custom before proceeding to the business of the evening to take up a collection among the audience for the benefit of some charity. On this occasion the subject is the individual who stands before you. I have managed to get along for the last three days on 87 cents, but I can go no further. While there is no doubt that I am worthy of all you can do for me, yet no one need feel under obligations to give. I will now pass around the hat, and as I move among you I am glad to observe that the audience assembled here tonight is one of the most cultivated I have seen for months. I will not be base enough to think that free admission had anything to do with it. You come to hear one of the great questions of the day discussed by one of the great orators of the century, and had the price of tickets been 10 cents each I believe that one and all would have cheerfully coughed up. I do not use that expression in a slang sense, but as a Latin phrase. I find that the collection amounts to 70 cents, and, thanking you from the bottom of my heart and trusting that you may go out of here better men and women, I will now begin:

My friends, I have in my pocket the figures showing just how many distilleries and breweries there are in the United States and just how much whiskey and beer are made every 24 hours



CHRISTOPHER.

during the year. But why give them? Why tell you that 1,000,000 of our population go to bed drunk every night in the year and that the money spent for drink every day would provide all the widows with sealskin socks and French headed shoes? We all know those things. Let us begin with Christopher Columbus, who had rather more to do with America than any man who has come after him. I give you his picture on the canvas. You look puzzled and surprised. You can't make it out. You behold Christopher lying drunk on the highway, with a jug on one side and a hog on the other. It is a fanciful picture. I want you to look at it closely and keep it in your minds, and every day for years to come I want you to ask yourself what would have been if Columbus had been that sort of man. When Ferdinand and Isabella had fitted him out for his voyage, suppose he had gone and got a three days' jag on and had rolled around in the mud and had had three or four scraps with other old bums. Can you for an instant believe that he would have been left in command of the expedition or that this country would have been discovered for the next 50 years? But there was no boozing. He may have taken a farewell drink of root beer or lemonade, as was eminently proper, but it ended right there, and he became world famous as a result. A whole hemisphere and millions of people owe him a debt of gratitude and will remember his name forever because of his abstinence. The lesson taught by the picture is plain to all. Get drunk, and you will be sent to the island for 30 days; remain sober, and you will become famous.

My friends, let me give you the picture of George Washington as he was about to cross the Delaware and gain a great victory over the British. You observe that George is lying drunk with his feet on a chair while the patriot army waits for him to take the lead. You murmur and are aghast. You never heard that the Father of His Country got a jag on. No more did he. I give you this picture as an object lesson, and I ask you where this country would have been today had George gone off on a hopla at a critical moment? In those old colonial days there was corn juice around by



GEORGE.

the barrel, and it was easier to get drunk than to roll out of bed, but Washington was a man to withstand temptation. On 12 different occasions, as I figure it, had he gone off on a tear, instead of attending to business, this country would not now be the United States. I never hail him as the great and noble without also blessing him for not filling up with corn juice. The analogy is plain to the dullest mind. Get drunk and fall over yourself and roll around in the catnip, and you'll die unknown and unwept. Let whiskey and beer alone, except when ordered for cramps, and a nation will sorrow at your death and raise monuments to you for a thousand years after.

The name of John Hancock must always be associated with the Declaration of Independence. His name was the first to go down. His was the first neck to be put into the halter. I give you his picture. The convention waits for him to sign his name to a document which will change the map of the world and bring forth a new nation,



HANCOCK.

but he's too drunk to get there, and the independence of the colonies is lost forever. This picture is also a creation of fancy, but let the moral lesson sink deep into your hearts. Now and then, when he had been out chipping wood in the rain, John Hancock may have taken a nip to keep the chills off, but never on any other occasion. He didn't need whisky to back up his patriotism. He had a cold water hatred of tyranny, and when the time came to sign King George's apple cart he picked up a goose quill and wrote his name in letters which stand out like red paint on a white door. Half a pint of cold corn juice down below his vest would have unfitted the great patriot and left America a dependency.

My friends, I am not here to rail at distillers, howl at brewers or shout at saloon keepers. I am not begging you with tears in my eyes to shun the flowing bowl and not pound your wives or wallop your children. I am not going to spoil your sleep tonight by holding up the horrors and miseries of intemperance. I simply say to you that for a steady all around drink cold water tops everything else, and when judiciously mixed with buttermilk and root beer it produces patriots, poets, philosophers and statesmen. Try it once, and you will talk no other.

M. QUAD.

What Prompted Him. A capital story of Rolf Boldrewood, the distinguished Australian novelist, is told. After T. A. Browne had suddenly leaped into fame as Rolf Boldrewood, author of "Robbery Under Arms," he continued for some years as stipendiary magistrate of Albany. One morning there was brought before him a rough bushboy of 14, charged with having held up several other boys on a country road. It was proved that he had presented a pistol at them and compelled them to empty all their pockets for his benefit.

"Dear me," said the surprised magistrate to the juvenile culprit, "what could have prompted you to do such a thing?"

"Reading 'Robbery Under Arms,'" replied the unabashed boy bushranger. —Chicago News.

What They Said. "Did the girls say anything when they heard of my engagement?" she asked with a little curiosity.

"Very little," was the reply of her nearest friend.

"But they said something?" "Oh, yes; they said something."

"Well, what was it?" "Well, most of them merely exclaimed, 'At last!'"

There was a pause, and then she asked:

"Well, what did some of the others say?"

"One of them said: 'Who'd have thought it? Another, 'Will wonders never cease?' And a third—"

"Oh, never mind the rest," interrupted the fiancée; "I never did have much curiosity." —Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

IS A MAN'S METHOD. His Way of Making a Carpet Bargain While His Wife Was Away.

"I want both my upper and lower halls recarpeted," was the remark Charles J. Jones of East Walnut Hills made to a well known carpet man.

"And I'm going to move out of the house until you finish the work! I'll leave the choice and color to you! My wife is out of town, you see, and I want to surprise her upon her return."

"There is only one condition to this bargain—I must ask you, as we are old friends, to give me a small figure in the carpet."

"All right!" said the carpet man. And Charles Jones staid away from home for two days, while the carpet man's bachelors banged away with their hammers, and he begged himself as he thought of the surprise that was in store for his wife when she returned.

Last Thursday the carpet man called Jones up by telephone and announced that the carpet was laid.

"It's a dark green!" said the carpet man.

"I'm glad of that," answered Jones. "And as small a figure as is consistent with the carpet!" roared the carpet man.

"I'm gladder than ever!" said Jones. That evening he visited his home and was satisfied that the carpet was a peach. The next morning he met the carpet man.

"How much do I owe you?" inquired Jones.

"It is \$98.05," said the carpet dealer. "What?" yelled Jones. "Where's the small figure you and I agreed on?"

SHORTHAND WRITING.

Accuracy is of Much More Importance Than Speed.

"Speed is by no means the most necessary thing in shorthand writing," explained an experienced stenographer, "that was what some teachers it is made the great consideration, often at the expense of everything else. The big thing in shorthand is legibility, for there are many who can write fast enough, but who are unable to tell what it means after it has grown cold. I have been a stenographer, depending entirely on it for my living, for 25 years. During that time I have, of course, picked up some knowledge on the subject. I have been the stenographer for two cabinet officers, four assistant secretaries and three or four senators. Incidentally I have worked for a year as the private secretary of one of the big bank presidents in New York city.

"All of this experience has proven one thing very conclusively, and that is that there is no necessity for any stenographer who does amanuensis work to write over 120 words a minute and in 60 seconds out of 100 no necessity to write over 120 words a minute. Indeed, I know of at least 25 stenographers who are drawing the largest kind of salaries as private secretaries who have assured me that they have never been required to average as much as 30 words. Under these circumstances it seems strange that some teachers of shorthand will exhort pupils to write 150 to 200 words per minute and endeavor to make them believe that such a railroad speed is a necessity. Such a practice is not only injurious to the student, but it is a waste of time, for it discourages many from even learning a moderate speed.

"There have been instances where it may have been necessary for stenographers to be able to write over 200 and more words a minute, and there is a legend hanging about the senate chamber that General Hawley, for 10 or 12 minutes in a speech, once spoke 225 words a minute. The average speed of senators in speeches does not reach 100 words a minute. In dictating letters rarely reaches 100 words." —Washington Star.

The Original Seven Wonders. None of the original seven wonders of the world remain, except the great pyramid of Egypt. The tomb of Mausolus, king of Caria, built about 350 B. C., was destroyed before 1400 A. D. The third wonder, the temple of Diana at Ephesus, was built 552 B. C. and was destroyed 356 B. C. The fourth wonder, the walls and terraces of Babylon, were erected about 570 B. C. They decayed gradually after Babylon had ceased to be the capital of the Assyrian empire. The Colossus of Rhodes, erected in 288 B. C., stood 64 years, was destroyed by an earthquake and lay in ruins for nearly 900 years, until a Jew bought it and took it to 900 camels to Alexandria. The statue of Zeus at Olympia was made 457-433 B. C., was removed to Constantinople and was destroyed by fire 475 A. D. The Pharos at Alexandria was built about 283 B. C. and was destroyed by an earthquake about 1300-1400 A. D.

HOME LIFE ON THE WANE.

English Hostesses Accused of Being Perpetual Gadabouts.

Slowly, but surely, the pride the English hostesses took in their home, in their reputation for hospitality and in their ability to plan pleasant little entertainments for their friends is passing away. The smart young hostess no longer cares to welcome her guests among her Lanes and Penates; it is no longer her earnest desire to display her housewifely genius; no longer her ambition to shine as a "clever little woman" who so thoroughly understands just what every one likes.

There are too many irons in society's fire to look after now. Less for her to fritter away time in this fashion. Moreover, people want incessant novelty; they are bored with even good meals; they tire of certain surroundings; they must have everything a little in advance, and as little as possible like anything that obtained a decade, to say nothing of two decades, ago. Thus it is we rush with our friends in unbecomingly fashion from restaurant to restaurant, like bona fide travelers; thus it is we inhospitably, one might almost venture to say meanly, ask our friends to share expenses with us in the upper pleasures we should once have offered them. The commercial spirit is indeed rampant in us in this advanced age. One almost dreads to think what next must be sacrificed to it and what will be the home life and the English housewife of the next generation.—Ladies' Pictorial.

When You Buy Dollies.

A father was commissioned by his small daughter to buy a dozen little bisque dolls. Her instructions were so many and so detailed that the father found himself hesitating to perform the commission.

"See here, Ethel," he said at last, "I'm afraid I'll make some awful mistake. Don't you think you'd better wait until your cold is better, and then you can go into town some day with mamma and pick out the doll babies for yourself?"

"Oh, no, papa," cried Ethel. "I do so want them right off. And, papa, I'll tell you how to choose them. Just pick each one up and look straight into its eyes, and if it looks at you as if it really and truly loved you, why, you buy it." —New York Sun.

Not Bull Run.

On an excursion given by Secretary Langley to the members of the National Academy of Science down the Potomac, Bernard Green, of the library of congress, told the best story of the day. Mr. Green happened to be crossing the ocean some years ago on the Fourth of July, which national holiday was celebrated with great enthusiasm by the Americans on board.

"I say," asked one of the Englishmen, "what is this anniversary of, anyhow? Isn't it to celebrate the battle of Bull Run or something of that kind?"

"No," promptly spoke up an American. "Not Bull Run—John Bull Run." —New York Tribune.

Why, Indeed?

Waitress.—Roastbeef, mutton chops, pork, masher, dorbow, potatoes, toast, puddings, etc.

Customer.—H'm. Are not these things still in separate dishes?

ASANT PRISONS.

THE SPECIAL ONES IN THE ENGLISH PARLIAMENT.

They Are Intended Particularly For Members and Other Persons Who Violate Parliament's Own Dignity, Rules and Customs.

Few persons are aware that England's parliament has its own special prisons within its own precincts which are intended particularly for its own members and persons who violate its own dignity, rules and customs. Of course these prisons seldom are used now, but they have been in the past, and not so very long ago, and may be again. The house of commons has one set and the house of lords another.

The commons prison is a little way up in the Clock Tower. Here are two sets of prisons, intended only for the accommodation of one prisoner each, one set being a little higher up in the tower than the other. Each set consists of a sitting room and two bedrooms. The former being a nice, comfortable room about three by five yards, with a neat carpet and chairs good enough for anybody. The extra bedroom is not intended for the prisoner or for any friends whom he might desire to put up for the night, but is the sleeping apartment of the official who looks after him during his incarceration. This man is usually the supervisor of badge messengers, and he is besides looking after his man, he is also his servant for the time being, and waits upon him just like any other. He never need worry himself much upon the question of the possibilities of the prisoner's escape, for the sergeant-at-arms is responsible, and inasmuch as the only way of getting to and from the prison is by way of this sergeant's house and through it, the risk of such a thing ever happening is practically prohibitive.

While he is there the prisoner really has a good time. No restrictions as to hours are placed upon him, and he may rove himself from his stumbers just when he feels most inclined and return to them in the same way. Practically the only thing he cannot do is to walk about outside just as he pleases, but he is permitted to take an hour and a half's exercise each morning and an hour in the afternoon on the terrace of the house, and the terrace, broad and long and with its splendid outlook upon the river, is by no means a bad place to take exercise. If he were left entirely unguarded the prisoner might dive into the river and swim away, or what would be simpler, haul a passing boat. So, just for precaution's sake, a couple of officers accompany him while he takes these breaths of fresh air.

He goes on Sunday to the church in Vincent square, and on these occasions also he has a couple of innocent looking attendants.

Moreover, there is no question of so many outside of bread and meat, but if he has the money to pay for it he may feed himself upon the choicest viands that the most cultured palate could suggest. The house of commons has a first class restaurant, where the hungry M. P. may dine as well as he could anywhere in London. Each day the dishes which the kitchen has prepared are indicated on a menu which is brought up to the prisoner, and he ticks off anything for which he feels a fancy, and is brought to him. The only drawback from his point of view is that the bill is presented to him just as it would be anywhere else, and in the event of his refusing to pay he would eventually be served with a court summons.

Among the occupants of the Clock Tower have been the late Charles Bradlaugh, who found himself committed thither on account of a little difference with Mr. Speaker on the subject of the parliamentary oath. When Northampton returned Mr. Bradlaugh to parliament, he was not allowed to take the oath nor the substituted process known, as affirmation. Mr. Bradlaugh, however, secured a New Testament and took a self administered oath, after which he proceeded to the next step of signing the roll. He refused to withdraw when the speaker requested him to do so, and consequently the sergeant-at-arms took charge of him, and to the Clock Tower prison he went.

When the erection of the Tower bridge was being considered, a statement was made that the Tower bridge bill committee was subject to bribery and corruption—a serious charge. Two men responsible for it were pronounced to have committed a breach of privilege, for the house is very sensitive upon such matters, and the speaker issued a summons for their appearance. One of them, Mr. Ward, gave himself up without delay, and he got seven days in the Clock Tower prison. The other offender, after a little delay, was captured and was for a brief period housed at Newgate.

The first M. P. imprisoned in the present house of commons was W. Smith O'Brien. One day in 1846 he committed contempt of the house by declining to sit upon a certain committee. Consequently he was sent to prison during the few weeks that the committee deliberated. This time, however, he was not sent to the Clock Tower prison, which was not finished, but did his durance in the cellar of the house.

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THE BOSS DREW THE LINE.

Trading With a Corpse Was Not Allowed in His Camp.

The boss of the lumber camp refilled his pipe and lighted it. "Yes," said he, "I drew the line on that."

"We had a man die in camp this winter. He lived just up to the boundary. Nice fellow he was, too—thirty and all that. Every one liked him. Sorry to have him go. But after he was gone we did the best we knew how. Fixed the body up and sent two of the men out with it."

"He had bought a new pair of boots at the wagon camp two weeks before he died, and we thought it would be right to put those boots on. So we did. The men started away and came back in three days. One of the men was wearing them new boots. The other fellow gave them away. Said that just before they got to the house with the deceased the critter pulled them boots off the corpse and swapped. Other fellow didn't like it, and said so. But the critter allowed that he had had some talk with the corpse about swapping a few days before he died. Corpse had allowed that the new boots hurt his corns and said that a pair that had been broken in would do better. Critter said that he couldn't bear to think of deceased being buried in a pair of boots that hurt his feet. He said that he should wake up in the night, sutlin, and think about the thing."

"Vaal, course there was something in what he said, but as there warn't no way of gettin at the deceased's side of the matter, I concluded that I wouldn't let that trade stand. There's a good many things that go in this camp all right, but dickerin with dead men ain't one of 'em. I draw the line right there, and draw it sharp. I made that fellow send them boots back. The deceased has still got the critter's old ones. The fellow had to go to the wagon and get some new ones. And that's so much more for the company and a commission for me. 'Twam't had all round. When the fellow got to Javin about the thing I told him he could still have the comfort of knowin that deceased wasn't wearin right boots." —Lewiston Journal.

Fat Fat of Consumption.

Consumption is most prevalent among those who are stunted or who stint themselves in the use of fat food. Everybody has learned and employed the knowledge, usually when it is too late, that cod liver oil is good for consumption. Few seem to have learned that food of the same character suitable for the table is preventive of consumption. In the whole course of my professional observation, covering a period of nearly 60 years, I have known but rarely a family or an individual that was brought up on a liberal supply of butter and bacon who became tuberculous. Moreover, such food fortifies the system against other diseases as well as consumption. It establishes stamina.—Dr. Bell in the Sanitarium.

Remembered Too Late.

Speaking of the queer doings of absentminded people, the following anecdote is related by the London Globe: "A very irritable man left his house one morning to attend a race meeting some distance off. In order that he might have enough money to pay his hotel bill he tied a sovereign in the corner of his handkerchief. In the train he drew his handkerchief from his pocket, and noticed the knot in the corner. 'Now,' he said to himself, 'what was it I wished to remember?' Much thought failed to enlighten him upon the point, and at last, in a fit of passion he hurled the handkerchief out of the window. Then he remembered."

Applying the Rule.

After Sunday school little Ned and his younger cousin, Horton, were permitted to play in the yard on condition that they would be very good and quiet. They had not been out long when Ned's mother heard loud screams. Upon investigating the cause she found her small son sitting on his cousin, pounding him vigorously in spite of Horton's pitiful wails.

"Well, mamma," Ned exclaimed, "I wanted to teach him the golden rule, and he said he wouldn't learn it." —Detroit Free Press.

Went All the Way.

It is said that the reason why there are no snakes in New Zealand is that it is at the direct antipodes of Ireland, and that when St. Patrick banished the snakes from Ireland his blessing went right through the earth and banished the snakes from New Zealand also.

Protected In Bed.

In Santiago the better class of houses the bedsteads are surrounded with a close kind of netting, beginning at the floor and gathered at the top. This is intended as a protection against tarantulas, the bites of which are poisonous.

The Chinese study phrenology, judging a man by the development of his forehead and a woman by the form and size of the back of her cranium.

Philosophy is an extremely agreeable companion to people in easy circumstances.—Brooklyn Life.

A Scotch Custom.

In many parts of Scotland it used to be the custom to place on a man's tombstone the symbols of his trade. Thus a sugar cane would decorate the grave of a grocer; an ax and saw, with hammer and nails, would be found on that of a carpenter, an awl and hammer on a shoemaker's grave, and so on.

The sorrow of yesterday is as nothing; that of today is bearable; but that of tomorrow is gigantic, because indistinct.—Euripides.

Don't Cough! TAKE BOTANIC 60 drops and the cough stops. LARGE BOTTLE 50c. OF DR. GILL'S BOTANIC COUGH SYRUP FOR ASK FOR IT AT YOUR DRUGGIST OR GENERAL STORE. WE SEND TRIAL SIZE FOR 25 CENTS. SCOTT & GILBERT, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

BLIND, OH, SO BLIND!

Isn't it strange how people gaze with enraptured faces On the cunning work of the painter Limning sweet nature's grace And yet with eyes that are not, Nor souls that hardly think, Live in the world the painter paints, Blind, oh, so blind?

Isn't it strange how people Thrill in the keenest way To the stories of life and its living Told in book or in play, And yet, with darkened vision, To the thought of their charm inclined, Live in the world where the stories live, Blind, oh, so blind?

—Ripley D. Saunders in St. Louis Republic.

The Dogskin Wouldn't Go Round.

Hungary swarms with barristers. It is the greatest ambition of the Hungarian peasant to make one of his sons an advocate.

The son of a small farmer in the neighborhood of Budapest was sent by his father to the law school of that town, but, either from lack of parts or the necessary application, he was plucked in the qualifying examination.

Not daring to return to the paternal abode empty handed after all the money that had been spent on his education, he conceived and executed the plan of forging a legal diploma. The father was not, however, so ignorant as not to be aware that such diplomas are always written on parchment—kutya-ber (dogskin)—in Hungary.

"Why is your certificate not made out on kutya-ber?" asked the old man.

"The fact is, father," coolly replied the youth, "there are more barristers than dogs in Hungary, and so there is not enough kutya-ber to make diplomas for us all." —London Answers.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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FRIDAY.....OCTOBER 26, 1900

FOR PRESIDENT

William McKinley - - - - - of Ohio

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT

Theodore Roosevelt - - - - - of New York



FOR CONGRESSMAN, SECOND DISTRICT.

S. D. WOODS.....of Stockton

FOR ASSEMBLYMAN, FIFTEENTH DISTRICT.

FRED L. STEWART.....of Ione

FOR SUPERVISORS.

WM. TAM (Township No. 1).....of Jackson

WESLEY M. AMICK (Township No. 2).....of Ione

E. B. MOORE (Township No. 4).....of Sutter Creek

"If there is any one who believes the Gold Standard is a good thing, or that it must be maintained, I want him not to cast his vote for me, because I promise him it will not be maintained in this country longer than I am able to get rid of it."—W. J. Bryan.

SENATOR DAVIS AT PLACERVILLE.

One of the hardest blows given in this section of the State to the chatter about imperialism by those who are repeating the howls of Mr. Bryan on that subject was made by Judge John F. Davis in his speech at placerville showing up its utter insincerity. In the course of an appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober, he read the two following extracts from the San Francisco "Examiner," which, before the adoption of the Kansas City platform, had spent so much time in "nailing the flag to the mast" in the Philippine Islands.

The following is from an editorial entitled, "The Friendship of England Fully Appreciated," in the issue of the "Examiner" of November 12, 1898:

"We have made up our minds to take the Philippines, and we are going to take them, paying a fair price and wronging nobody. But just let any of those powers try to stop us when we are carrying home the bundle and we'll show the world just one more example of a power getting thumped and mauled and thrown into the gutter. So, go right ahead, President McKinley! Don't let them scare you a bit. The elections are over, THE COUNTRY IS BEHIND YOU, and the people are really spoiling for a little more diversion before their blood cools."

In its issue of April 27, 1899, in an editorial entitled "Nobody Can Sweep Back the Tide," while trying to get Bryan started right before it was too late, the "Examiner" said:

"We trust that Mr. Bryan will yet range himself in line with the national aspirations for expansion. The time has come, as it comes at intervals to every vigorous nation—as it has come to ours on several former occasions—when the old boundaries are too contracted for the pulsing life within them, and when the health of the body politic demands that room. The popular instinct understands the need for these periodical expansions, and every genuine statesman understands it, too.

"The popular instinct of a nation cannot be changed in sixteen months, nor can a creature of expediency be converted into a statesman by an appeal to the truths of history. Mr. Bryan may think he is close to the people, and that his silly talk about 'imperialism' moves them, but he will soon find out that Americans are as much in favor of expansion today as they were when they applauded the acquisition of the Louisiana Territory by that noted imperialist, Thomas Jefferson."

THE WINNING MAN.

"When the Republicans of the township placed the name of Wesley M. Amick before the voters as their candidate for Supervisor, they made no mistake. He is capable, will investigate for himself every question coming before the Board, and has the courage to stand by his convictions of right. He will, when elected, be Supervisor himself, and will labor for the very best interests of all his constituents.

"Wes Amick is the coming Supervisor, and will give the people of this township able representation."—Ione Echo.

SENATOR WARREN, of Wyoming, says that while only two of the States west of Missouri river went for McKinley four years ago, six of them are certain to do so this year—California, Oregon, Washington, Wyoming, South Dakota and Kansas—and six more—Nebraska, Colorado, Nevada, Montana, Idaho and Utah—may do so. Senator Warren was with Governor Roosevelt's party for awhile, and he said that the Governor's trip, which has aroused an unusual lot of enthusiasm, nearly everywhere he has spoken, has done a wonderful lot of good, not only by waking up Republicans, but by making converts of those who were in doubt as to how they would vote. He says the Republican party was never in better fighting trim in the West than it is right now.

THE "DISPATCH" REVERSES ITSELF.

The "Amador Dispatch" in its last issue attempts to answer the arguments of this paper, that lawyers should be selected to represent the people in the Legislature.

In reply thereto, it is sufficient to refer to the issue of the "Dispatch" of October 28, 1898, wherein the editor of that paper gives, among other reasons why Lawyer A. Cominetti should be elected to the Legislature instead of J. R. Tregloan, that "Cominetti has the added advantage of being versed in the law."

EX-REPRESENTATIVE DUNGAN, of Ohio, who was on the stump for Bryan in 1896, is now going over the same ground, making McKinley and Roosevelt speeches. He began a stumping tour of West Virginia some time ago.

Death of a Statesman.

At 6:45, last Monday morning, at his Washington home, Hon. John Sherman the famous American statesman and patriot, passed away.

John Sherman was born at Lancaster Ohio, May 10, 1832. Nevertheless he was a typical New Englander, and his tall, angular figure, his plain, simple tastes, his cool, reasoning temperament, were all New England traits; and well might they have been, for it was from this soil his ancestry was nurtured. His father and mother emigrated to Ohio from Connecticut and settled on the famous Western Reserve, a district populated for the most part by New Englanders. The pioneer Sherman was a lawyer of distinguished ability. His advancement in his profession, in what was then little more than the frontier, was rapid, but at 40 years of age his life went out, he being at the time one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Ohio. The widow was left with eleven children to provide for and educate. The youngest was but a few months old, the eldest barely 18. Judge Sherman had accumulated no surplus. He died poor. It was an appalling outlook for a young, ambitious woman—such a problem as would turn the head of a fine de la Roche mother.

But Mrs. Sherman was one of those brave, determined women who have made our country great among the nations. So well did she perform the work left to her hands to that one of her sons, William Tecumseh Sherman, became with one exception, the first military hero of the land, and the other, John Sherman, became one of the greatest men of his political faith in the United States Senate, if not the greatest of any party in that body.

But before Judge Sherman the father of these two distinguished sons, away back a century and a half ago, was a young man in Connecticut, whose vocation was that of a cobbler. The boots that he made were better, so runs the story, than those that came from other hands, though the men in those days were less clever at trickery than some Connecticut Yankees in later years. But this young man had a soul for something beyond making strong boots for the rugged settlers thereabouts, and so as he pegged away at the leather he stored his mind with a knowledge of the law. It was in 1790 that this same cobbler, now 40 years of age and known as Roger Sherman, became prominent as a Revolutionary leader. His fame spread throughout the thirteen colonies, and when the Continental Congress was created, Roger Sherman became one of its leading members, serving continuously from 1774 to 1788. He was a remarkable man, possessed of strong common sense, forceful and an intuitive knowledge of the true principles of government.

HIS EARLY STRUGGLES.

But ancestry and opportunity are not enough. They must be coupled with energy and application—that sort of application that knows no tiring. Move forward by the power that is within them—not by that behind them or about them. John Sherman began to recognize this fact at the age of fourteen, when he became self-supporting. He got a place as an assistant with the engineers and Muskingum Improvement, where he remained about two years, when he was, so the story goes, discharged for zealous partisanship of the Whig persuasion. This was at 16, and it is said that he exhibited the strong party spirit at that age that characterized his entire public career. He went from the Muskingum Improvement into his brother Charles' law office at Mansfield, and began to read law. There was no time for idleness—no time to wait for something to turn up.

In 1855 Mr. Sherman entered Congress. He had already established a reputation for ability in his profession, and, it is said, was making money very fast when he left his practice and followed the bent of his nature—followed the example of old Roger Sherman whose temperament must have been akin to that of his distinguished descendant, the Senator of Ohio.

Mr. Sherman was about 31 years of age when he was elected to the national House of Representatives in 1854. He took his seat in December of the following year. He remained in the lower house eight years, and then he was elevated to the Senate, where he served for seventeen years, resigning from that body to become Secretary of the Treasury under Hayes.

It was as the head of the Treasury Department that Mr. Sherman did perhaps the best work of his life. He was a born financier. In 1874, several years before Mr. Hayes was even thought of in connection with the Presidency, Mr. Sherman introduced a bill providing for the resumption of specie payments on January 1, 1879. He had little thought, no doubt, of being the man to bring that purpose to a practical realization. But in 1877 he was made Secretary of the Treasury, and the work of preparing for the resumption fell to his hands. He did this so well that when the appointed day came there was not a ripple of disturbance in financial circles, though theorists and pessimists generally held that serious trouble would ensue. But with John Sherman at the head of the Government's finances the people had no fear. He had their confidence.

Ranch For Rent.

Twenty acres under cultivation, a good six-room house, barn and out-houses. Will lease for two or more years. Good well of water on premises. Located only three-fourths of a mile from Jackson, the county seat of Amador county. Apply either to the designed on premises, or to W. E. Kent, Jackson, Cal.

JOHN GOING.

Oct. 12-1-mo.

Soused pig's feet at Caminetti's Central Market. Oct. 19-1-mo.

DIED.

CLARK.—At South Jackson, Oct. 22, 1900, Gladys Irene, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Clark, aged 7 years and nine days.

GUERRA.—At the Kennedy mine, Oct. 25, 1900, John Guerra, aged about 23 years, a native of California.

SIMPSON.—Near Plymouth, Oct. 30, 1900, C. S. Simpson, aged about 60 years.

DAUGHERTY.—At Jackson, Oct. 33, 1900, Mrs. C. A. Daugherty, aged 68 years and nine months, a native of Bohemia.

Archbishop Ireland For McKinley.

Last Saturday, Oct. 20, Archbishop Ireland gave out the following personal statement as to his attitude in the present campaign:

"How do I intend to vote? It cannot at first sight be seen more or less impertinent for any citizen to tell the public how he intends to vote. In voting, each citizen obeys the dictates of his own sense of civic duty; he should simply do this, and leave to others to do likewise.

However, since a certain number of newspapers have undertaken to say how I intend to vote, and in so doing have misinterpreted my intentions and have not been unwilling to make political capital of my supposed vote, I will give to the question how I intend to vote, a categorical and unmistakable reply. I intend to vote for William McKinley.

I intend to vote for William McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt. In giving my vote for the candidates of the Republican party, I am satisfied in my own conscience that I serve the best interests of the country at home and abroad; that I contribute to the maintenance of the country's material prosperity and of peace and good will between the several classes of its population; and I aid the country in bringing about the safest and most honorable solutions of the complex problems which confront it as the result of the late war and in retaining for itself the exalted position which it holds at present commercially and diplomatically before other nations of the world. I trust no further doubts will be expressed as to how I intend to vote."

Young Mothers.

Group is the terror of thousands of young mothers, because its outbreak is so agonizing and frequently fatal. Shiloh's Cough and Consumption Cure acts like magic in cases of Croup. It has never been known to fail. The worst cases relieved immediately. Price, 25c, 50c and \$1. For sale by A. Goldner, the Druggist.

NINING STOCKS.

Gwin	Bid.	Asked.
Onida	\$1.50	\$2.00
Dreissan	00	04
Dutch	2.50	3.00
Sundum	1.00	1.00
Lincoln	1.00	1.00
Golovin Bay	1.00	1.00
Garibaldi	1.00	1.00
Nome-Avill	1.00	1.00
Peerless	1.00	1.00
Kirkwood	1.00	1.00
Badger	1.00	1.00
Mutual Mining Co.	1.00	1.00
Zealandia	1.00	1.00
Central Eureka	1.00	1.00
South Eureka	1.00	1.00
Argonaut	1.00	1.00

OIL STOCKS.

Century, Kern River District	50
Penn, Kern River District	50
Troy	40
Kings Co Oil Co.	50
Bachelor Oil	50
Panochito Oil	50
Little Standard Oil	45
McFarren Oil Co.	50
Diamond Star	35
U. S. Oil & Mining Co.	15
Monarch Arizona	15
Gray Gander	15
Three States	15
Jewett, Hodge & Beals	40
Meridian Oil Co.	12

STOCKS, BONDS AND SECURITIES BOUGHT OR SOLD BY
PORTER & CHENEY,
MEMBER PRODUCE OIL EXCHANGE.
STOCK BROKERS,
530 California Street.

Notice to Creditors.

ESTATE OF HENRY WHITTING, DECEASED.
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE undersigned, executor of the last will of Henry Whitting, deceased, to the creditors of said deceased, to exhibit their claims against the estate, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to wit: the 10th day of November, 1900, at the law office of W. J. McGee and F. L. Stewart, Marella Building, Court St., Jackson, California, or at the residence of the said executor, at the time of the business of said estate, in said County of Amador.
Dated, October 18, 1900.
REBECCA N. WHITTING,
Executrix of the last will of Henry Whitting deceased.
Oct. 12-19-25-Nov. 25-31

Notice of sale of Real Estate at Private Sale.

UNDER AUTHORITY OF AN ORDER OF sale granted by the Superior Court of the county of Amador, State of California, dated the 10th day of October, 1900, I will sell at private sale the following described real estate:
That certain house and lot situate in the town of Sutter Creek, Amador County, State of California, and more fully described as follows: Lot No. 1 in Block No. 16 as set forth on the official map of the town of Sutter Creek, California, now on file in the office of the County Recorder of said Amador County; said sale will be made on or after Monday, the 5th day of November, 1900, and bids will be received at the office of John F. Davis, Summit street, Jackson, California. Terms of sale, ten per cent cash at the time of sale, balance upon confirmation by the court.
Dated, October 19, 1900.
JOHN F. DAVIS, Attorney for Adm. 10-19-31

I. L. GODFREY

BUILDER, JOINER AND WORKER IN WOODS
Water Street, Jackson

IS PREPARED TO DO ALL KINDS OF plain or ornamental work. Bookcases, Wardrobes, Commodore, etc., turned out in the most skillful manner. Window Screens and Blinds made in short order. Orders from the country attended to promptly.

PLYMOUTH-JACKSON DAILY STAGE LINE

Leaves Plymouth 6:30 a. m.
Leaves Jackson 2:30 p. m.

JOHN STEINER. - Proprietor

Oct. 12-1-mo.

Tamale Factory

Marie Chavez, Proprietress.

TAMALES, SPANISH MEALS AND COFFEE SERVED

Custom Trade Solicited.

Everything first-class and satisfaction guaranteed.
Factory on Water street, between C. Ginochio's residence and Garbarini Bros. shop, Jackson, Cal.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR

McKINLEY & ROOSEVELT

HON. JOHN T. DARE

OF SAN FRANCISCO, AND

FRED L. STEWART

WILL ADDRESS THE PEOPLE AT

Drytown, Monday, October 29.

Plymouth, Tuesday, " 30.

Amador City, Wednesday " 31.

CITIZENS IRRESPECTIVE OF PARTY ARE INVITED.

W. M. CUTTER, Secretary.

GEO. STONE,
Chairman Republican State Cen. Com.

Peek's Addition

Choice lots in this sightly Addition for sale on terms to suit your own sack. Buy at once and secure the best. This is the coming Nob Hill of Jackson.

W. P. Peek, Owner, Jackson.

IONE MEETING

• Hon. Irving M. Scott •

WILL ADDRESS THE PEOPLE AT

IONE, FRIDAY, NOV. 2.

AND

SUTTER CREEK, SATURDAY, NOV. 3.

CITIZENS IRRESPECTIVE OF PARTY ARE INVITED.

W. M. CUTTER, Secretary.

GEO. STONE,
Chairman Republican State Cen. Com.

Read Those Startling Books

TRAFFIC IN GIRLS

And Work of Rescue Missions

TRAFFIC IN OPIUM

Or the Chinese and their White Slaves

TRAFFIC IN BABIES

Or the Wail of the Children

By Charlton Edholm, Oakland, Cal.

"Your Money's Worth or Your Money Back"

that's the reason why bad goods is an impossibility in our store. We don't sell you a ten cent article for three cents to induce you to buy an article for one dollar that's only worth fifty cents. No, we don't do that kind of business. You get full value for every cent you spend with us, and besides you have the pick of a new fresh lot of goods, goods that we guarantee.

Send for Our Price List.
Come In for Samples.

You receive the same treatment when you call for samples as though you make a purchase. SPECIAL. Just for one week only, Monday, October 22, we will offer as a special our EMPRESS LADIES' KID GLOVE

The best value in town for
\$1.25, on now for One Week **\$1.00**

Bring the children and see the many pretty things you can buy for them for little money.

THE WHITE HOUSE

JACKSON BARGAIN STORE.

The store that never disappoints a bargain seeker.

WE are building up an enduring business in this town by being satisfied with small steady day by day profits. Big business naturally follows a Redlick store. Its prices are so fair, good, so true in quality, that the money saving people quickly realize it is the store, the store worthy of their patronage. That's why we grow so fast.

DRY GOODS—Competition squirm and struggle to keep up with the pace we set, but its useless. Prices like these always draw the crowds:

Sateen Fast Black, 12 yards for.....	\$1.00
Lonsdale Cambric, you know the brand, 10 yards for.....	1.00
Good Gingham, 30 yards for.....	1.00
Good Muslin, firm round thread, 25 yards for.....	1.00

Shoes that wear

We won't allow any other kind in this store of ours. We can meet your wants from the lightest to the heaviest, but always at the lightest prices in the town.

Ladies' Vici Kid with broad coin toes, extension soles with yellow stitching for winter use, cheap at \$4.00, we sell at.....\$3.25
Children's Kangaroo Calf Lace Shoes for winter.....1.50

Women's ready made garments

Don't worry—if you will but let us fill your wants the style will be correct—garments will be satisfactory—choosing will be easy—saving will be sure.

Skirts, black figured Mohair—cut full—good lining and binding—on sale at.....	\$2.75
Jackets—Black Melton cloth with storm collar.....	5.00
Gray Kersey cloth lined with mercerized Italiane cloth.....	6.00
Capes—Silk seal plush, fur trimmed.....	2.45
Russian sable collarettes.....	4.95

Men's Clothing

Any wonder other dealers are making frantic efforts to stem the tide of trade that sells so strongly towards Redlick's? It may not be pleasant for them, but surely these prices make good reading for you

Men's sack suits, all wool, cheap at \$10.00, only.....\$7.45
Men's good working pants.....95

The store of plain, clean, honest methods

"REDLICK'S"

Jackson's Bargain Store.

The store that protects you against high prices.

FOR

McKINLEY and ROOSEVELT

MAJOR C. W. KYLE

WILL ADDRESS THE PEOPLE OF

JACKSON WEBB HALL.

ON

* Tuesday, October 30. *

CITIZENS IRRESPECTIVE OF PARTY ARE INVITED.

W. M. CUTTER, Secretary.

GEO. STONE,
Chairman Republican State Cen. Com.

Glavinovich & Parker

JACKSON, CAL.

We are prepared to supply you with a full line of the nob-

biest shirt waists, skirts, belts, gloves, ribbons; ladies' white, tan and black fancy hose, and

Ladies' muslin and knit underwear.

We have the most complete assortment of Men's furnishing goods, dry goods, etc.

Dealers in General Merchandise.

RALLY AT VOLCANO.

The people of Volcano and vicinity will be addressed by

Senator John F. Davis

OF JACKSON, AND

FRED L. STEWART

Republican nominee for Assemblyman, on

Saturday Evening, October 27th.

CITIZENS IRRESPECTIVE OF PARTY ARE INVITED.

W. M. CUTTER, Secretary.

GEO. STONE,
Chairman Republican State Cen. Com.

EARTH'S TREASURE VAULTS

A Lack of Miners Along the Mother Lode.

THE GREEK MINE WILL SOON BE REOPENED

A Rich Vein On the Turnback Creek. Excellent Results at the Riverside Mine.

CALAVERAS COUNTY.

Prospect: The Low Wallace mine, located about two miles north-easterly from San Andreas, is reported to be looking well. This mine is owned by Mr. Voorhees and others of San Andreas, and comprises five full claims of 1600 feet each. The vein where it has been out shows a width of 48 feet between well defined walls. The rock which is a decomposed quartz, requires no blasting, prospects well the whole width of the vein.

Chronicle: The well known Greek mine, which is soon to be in operation again, is the most extensively developed mine in this group. It has a five-stamp mill, a concentrator, a hoisting works, etc. This ledge, like the Sheep Ranch, is an east and west one, but unlike that mine carries a large percentage of high grade sulphurates. There have been found many pockets or bunches of exceedingly rich quartz in this mine.

In a recent item of the Chronicle we stated that operations would soon be commenced on a large scale on the Lucky Boy mine, situated on Dry Creek near San Andreas. The report was evidently correct, for the week several loads of machinery for hoisting works passed through San Andreas en route to the mine. This property was formerly owned by James Waters but was recently purchased by the Mutual Mining and Milling Company of Boston. In years past a great deal of gold was taken out of this mine and with improved later-day machinery there is no doubt but that it can be made to pay better than it ever did before. The work will be under the superintendency of U. J. Hussey, an experienced miner.

The Mauna Bros. quartz mine is situated in Wet Gulch, and is the extension of the Caldwell property. It is owned by B. Mauna and D. M. Mauna. It was recently bonded to W. H. House of Oakland for four months, on a working bond, with fifteen days option to begin active operations. Should proper developments be put on the property there is no doubt but that it will become a good paying proposition.

The Shenandoah mine is another well developed property. They have a ten-stamp water-power mill, a rock-breaker, self-feeder, etc. The ore is a rich iron character, carrying many sulphurates. Pockets or bunches of very rich quartz have been found in this mine. At present the mine is idle, but hopes of starting up soon are entertained.

The Sparrow Hawk mine, situated on the Esperanza creek, has been incorporated through W. T. Harris, and will soon be in operation. There is no doubt but that the Sparrow Hawk will soon be placed on a paying basis as it has all the facilities for doing so. The work will be under the superintendency of W. H. Harris, a financial success in his new enterprise.

The Mountain King mine is working night and day. The mill is idle at present but will start again as soon as sufficient rock can be taken out to keep it running steadily.

TUOLUMNE COUNTY.

New Era: At the Providence general mining is being done and ten stamps kept dropping steadily.

Machinery for the new mill on the Hope will soon be landed. Operations in the mine are continuing steadily and a large amount of ore is on the dump. The Oom Paul, an extension of the Hope, is showing up fine under the management of the Richard brothers, with every indication that a strike is not far off.

Ekel and partner recently opened up a new rich vein adjoining the Sonnet. In fact, they were not certain that their find wasn't on ground belonging to the Sonnet people until they prevailed upon the latter to point out the lines. The ledge is of good size, well exposed with free gold and heavily impregnated with galena sulphurates.

A. M. Julian, employed by the West Side Company, recently picked up some rich float near the mouth of Turnback creek. He immediately began a hunt for the vein from which it came and after considerable prospecting found it—four feet of quartz, showing plenty of free gold. Julian stuck up his notices, had his location properly surveyed and is now in good chance of getting suddenly wealthy.

The Riverside, situated on the Stanislaus river, 5½ miles northeast of Columbia, continues to show up exceedingly well. It is one of the old mines of California, and in 1890 was equipped with a fine 20-stamp water power mill. The mine was favorably reported on by Louis Blanding, the expert, several years ago for Eastern people and that report is now being verified—shipments of \$150 per ton being made to San Francisco, with considerable rock worth as high as \$1700 per ton. In the days gone by various companies took hold of the Riverside but finally came to grief. A power long tunnel was driven a great distance into the mountain—driven until both faith and capital gave out. Had the proper prospecting been done simultaneously with creating this immense adit there is no doubt but that the present rich shoots would have been uncovered then. The mine is a good illustration of the fact that almost all the old claims of the State, once abandoned, are being worked anew with improved modern methods of mining and milling, and that large profits are resulting from these investments.

EL DORADO COUNTY.

Republican: Considerable work is going on at the Shaw mine now. The Huntington mine, located on the Van Side at the Van mine are to be set up, the shaft opened for working, and a residence for the superintendent, W. I. Smart, is being erected by Phillips Cote of this city who has the contract. Several thousand feet of lumber were sent down for this structure by Beach & Co., during the week.

M. J. Williams of El Dorado was in town last Monday. He is still engaged on the Pocahontas mine, on which he and three other miners have a lease. They are taking out and crushing rock from near the surface and find it fairly profitable.

Tell Your Sister

A beautiful complexion is an impossibility without good pure blood, the sort that only exists in connection with good digestion, a healthy liver and bowels. Knott's Liver and Bowel Pills are the best. They act directly on the bowels, liver and kidneys, keeping them in perfect health. Price 50c and 10c. For sale by A. Golden, Druggist.

Death of Gladys Clark.

Little sister has gone to sleep. On Monday, Oct. 22, little Gladys Irene, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Clark of South Jackson, passed from a land of pain to the better land. She has been a sufferer from spinal disease for about three years. About a year ago she was taken to San Francisco and Oakland for medical treatment. She seemed to be improving, and about three months ago she was brought home. For some time after her return she was able to run about and play with the little ones in the neighborhood, but she gradually began to fail, and when weary of play she would sit in her room and watch the others. She never complained, but was very patient. About three months ago she gave up and took to her bed which she never left until death released her of her pain. During her last sickness she suffered with her head, often moaning with the pain. We shall miss her smiling face and her footsteps on the floor, but we know that He who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," has taken her to his kingdom and our darling has gone to sleep. She leaves father, mother, four sisters and two brothers to mourn their loss. She was seven years and nine days old. The bereaved family have the sympathy of the entire community.

S. H. B.

Convocation at Auburn.

The Rev. Mr. Tison, wife and daughter, Laura, returned on Thursday last, from the Convocation held at Auburn, N. Y. The Convocation was held both of clergy and laity. The whole Convocation was most spirited and inspiring, and the reports from all parts of the Mission field were very hopeful. The kind people of Auburn were most hospitable and did all in their power to make things pleasant for their visitors. The Bishop's reception was held at the home of Dr. Todd, to which a cordial invitation was given to all the people of Auburn and the visitors at the Convocation. A delightful program and refreshments were enjoyed by all.

The hotel proprietors kindly donated the use of their buses, and at the close of the afternoon session on Wednesday the whole delegation was taken out to Acacia Heights, where the scenery is something grand and beautiful.

Mr. and Mrs. Tison were most cordially entertained at the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. Tison. The Second Annual Convocation will long be pleasantly remembered by them.

A Runaway.

A wild runaway occurred with J. E. Huber's fine black team in the streets of Azusa last evening just after dark. Mr. Huber had left his team a moment before he was standing in front of Wade's store, when the horses started down Azusa avenue for a good long run home. Mrs. Huber held on to the lines; guiding the powerful team as best she could, down to Fourth, across to O. H. Huber's, up San Gabriel street, Fifth and across the stony ditch toward the west, the heroic driver at last stopped the team in the brush west of G. W. Juden's residence. Assistance soon arrived and Mrs. Huber was found. She was over all right, talking to the team her grit had preserved. Not a strap or bolt was broken on the harness or wagon and Mrs. Huber had saved her own life by her presence of mind and bravery.—Azusa Pomotrope.

Stand Together.

Keep the voting line unbroken, fellow Republicans, on election day. Stand together as one man and victory will be ours. There is not a shadow of doubt of the result, if every Republican in Amador county will do his full duty. Stand by the ticket, the ticket made from McKinley and Roosevelt down and Fred L. Stewart, Wm. Tam, E. B. Moore and Wesley M. Amick will be elected by handsome majorities. Bear in mind that there is practically not a single Democrat holding office in county to-day that did not get a boost into that office by Republican votes. For this one time, then, in the name of good sense and party fealty, with-hold thy vote from the traitorous enemy and cast it for a Republican. This is the "paramount issue" in Amador county.

Regent Budd Here.

Regent John E. Budd, of Stockton, in company with Chas. H. Shinn of the State University, inspected the Experiment Station in this county recently. Mr. Budd was well pleased. He is very alive to the importance of the work there. He is heartily in favor of a number of proposed improvements, endorses the needs of the station in general and in particular. His visit has been of much value to the district.

Foreman Neal of the station has planted and has up and growing a large area of European White Lupinus in orchard, to plow under for fertilizing. He is also conducting and enlarging the government experiments with glaucous wheats. This winter the remainder of the nursery stock of new varieties of fruit will be planted.

Republican Meetings.

We advertise four Republican meetings for this county in this issue, by order of the Republican State Central Committee, namely, Hon. John F. Davis and Fred L. Stewart at Volcano, Oct. 27th; Hon. John T. Dore and Fred L. Stewart at Drytown, Oct. 29th; Plymouth, Oct. 30th and Amador City, Oct. 31st; Major C. W. Kyle at Jackson, Oct. 30th and at Scott's Bluff, Nov. 2d and at Scott's Bluff, Nov. 3d. Read display advertisements.

Taylor's Touchdown.

SAN MATEO, Oct. 22, 1900. To the Editor of the "LEDGER." Sir:—It gives me pleasure to let you know that Walter Taylor of Jackson, who is attending Hoits School, made the only touchdown that that school made during the season. He played center and got the ball in a scrimmage and made a touchdown. Yours Truly, DREW CAMINETTI.

Church Notice.

St. Augustine's Mission, room situated on Court street. Services as follows: Every 1st and 3d Sunday, services at 11 a. m. Every 2nd and 4th Sunday, services at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school every Sunday at 3 p. m. The Young Peoples' Society of St. Augustine will meet every Sunday at 8:30 p. m. W. WILLIAM TUSON, Rev.

Parade Notes.

The "Rough Riders" were an interesting feature of the parade. The various transparencies were to the point, and elicited cheers.

The entire programme was carried out to a fifth, and the several committees have cause for self-congratulation. Not a boisterous nor an intoxicated person was seen or heard during the parade and meeting. The banquet at the New National was sumptuous, reflecting credit on that justly celebrated hostelry.

In Memoriam.

To the Worthy Matron, Officers and Members of Golden Star Chapter No. 66, Order of Eastern Star of Jackson, Amador county, California: Ladies and gentlemen, I am appointed to draft resolutions in memory of our recently departed brother, Robert John Adams, who at the time of death was filling the distinguished office of Worthy Patron of this Order, respectfully submit the following: That, Whereas it has pleased the Supreme Master to remove from our circle and leave vacant the chair once occupied by our Worthy Patron and esteemed brother, Robert John Adams, of Golden Star Chapter No. 66, Order of Eastern Star of Jackson, and has called upon him to appear before the Celestial Lodge on high, there to appear before the Great Master, and Whereas, within his life he ever proved himself a true disciple of the Order, sustaining all that was pure and lovely and of good repute, deprecating and denouncing all that was wrong, inspiring human love and alleviating suffering, and in the community in which he lived and helped building up, his life has become enshrined in the hearts of his fellows as a noble and tender memory;

Be it Resolved, That while we bow in humble submission to the will of the Supreme Grand Master of the Universe we deplore the fate that snatched from our midst and from his widowed wife, his children, brothers, sisters, and friends, our beloved brother, Robert John Adams. It was characteristic of him that the act in which he was engaged at the time of meeting his sad death, was not a mere passing of the ordinary course of life, but was a voluntary act, prompted by public civic spirit and intended for the benefit of others than himself. His high, chivalrous sense of honor, his sterling integrity, his manly straight-forwardness, his undisturbed ability, his sweet and pure home life, have gained for him the respect, admiration and love of Amador county, and particularly of all who were associated with him in business, social and fraternal life. His life, though full of accomplishments, had but begun. We stand in the presence of its broken column, sorrowful, mute and hopeful. The will of God is accomplished. So may it ever be.

Be it Resolved, that these resolutions be spread in full upon the minutes of this Lodge, and that the Charter of this Lodge be draped in mourning for thirty days, and that copies of these resolutions be sent to the Recording Secretary of this Lodge, forwarded to the widowed wife and to the family of our departed brother and Worthy Patron residing in this town.

Respectfully submitted in O. E. S. ELIZA HARVEY, EMMA F. BOARMAN, JAMES E. DYE, Committee.

OBITUARY.

Aged Mother of G. A. Waltenspiel Dies at Council Bluffs.

Mrs. Caroline Waltenspiel, aged 83 years and 6 months, died yesterday morning at 8 o'clock at St. Bernard's hospital after a brief illness extending over about a week. Her son, G. A. Waltenspiel, arrived last Sunday from his home in Jackson, Cal., for the purpose of taking his mother home to him to spend the winter and found her ill with a cold. From that time she declined rapidly. Mrs. Waltenspiel was one of the old residents, having made Council Bluffs her home for thirty-four years. She was the widow of George A. Waltenspiel of San Jose, Cal., and two sons, T. C. Waltenspiel of Salt Lake City, and G. A. Waltenspiel of Jackson, survive her. The funeral will be held this morning at 2 o'clock at St. Bernard's hospital after a brief illness extending over about a week. Her son, G. A. Waltenspiel, arrived last Sunday from his home in Jackson, Cal., for the purpose of taking his mother home to him to spend the winter and found her ill with a cold. From that time she declined rapidly. 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Character in Thighs.

A man's thighs interest me in any mood and at any time. While you may get a man's character from his face, you can, if you will, get his past life from his thigh. It is the walking beam of his emotion, controls his paddles and is developed in proportion to its uses. It indicates, therefore, a man's habits and his mode of life.

If he has sat all day with one leg lapped over the other, arm on chair, head on hand, listening or studying—preachers, professors and all other sedentaries sit like this—the thigh shrinks, the muscles droop, the bones of the ankle bulge, and the knee joints push through. If he delivers mail or collects bills or drives a pack mule or walks a towpath, the muscles of the thigh are hauling tight like cables, the knee joints are in a big bunch just below the strap of his knickerbockers, should be wear them.

If he carries big weights on his back—sacks of salt, as do the stoverdors in Venice; or coal in gunnies, as do the coolies in Cuba, or wine casks or coffee in bags—the calves swell abnormally, the thighs solidify; the lines of beauty are lost, but the lines of strength remain.

If, however, he has spent his life in the saddle, rounding up cattle, chasing Indians, hunting bandits in Mexico, ankle and foot loose, his knees clutched tightly, hugging that other part of him, the horse, then the muscles of the thigh round out their intended lines—the most subtle in the modulating curving of the body.—F. Hopkinson Smith in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

The Sin Eater.

One of the most important figures at a Gaelic funeral of the old style is the sin eater. It falls to his lot to consume all the sins resting on the soul of the dead, and thereby enable the latter to rest easy in his grave.

In remote Wales and the highlands of Scotland a funeral is not always complete without this functionary. He is necessarily a poor, unfortunate person, for under happier circumstances he could not be persuaded to accept the responsibility of his post, and his part was generally taken seriously by himself and everybody else.

A loaf of bread and a jug of beer are laid upon the corpse. These are symbolic of sins committed during life. The sin eater is introduced with much solemnity eats the bread and drinks the beer. As he is frequently a hungry man with a well developed taste for malt liquors, the part is usually played with zest a little out of keeping with the dreary nature of the obligation assumed, for it is firmly believed that in this eating and drinking the sin eater actually burdens his soul with the sins of the deceased.—Kansas City Independent.

COURT'S RULED BY SUN TIME

22-25 In Various Stances Refuse to Accept Standard Reckoning.

If you ever expect to go to law over a question in which time is involved, however slightly, don't monkey with standard time. It won't go in the courts. To be sure, you can't catch trains if you don't use standard time to do it, but you will miss the verdict if you do. In Georgia the court of appeals decided that the use of standard time instead of sun time in regulating a trial was an error. In the particular case in question the sun time was faster than the railroad time, and a verdict was received after 12 o'clock on Saturday night by the sun time, though before 12 by standard time. It was decided that sun time should have been followed.

In Nebraska a certain summons was returnable before a justice at 10 o'clock a. m. The defendant failed to appear. The justice waited until 11 o'clock standard time, which was about half an hour faster than common time, and then gave judgment by default. The defendant appeared before 11 o'clock common time, and it was held that by default was premature and invalid.

In Iowa there was a question as to the expiration of an insurance policy, which by its terms extended until 12 o'clock at noon of a certain day. Fire broke out at about 11:45 o'clock a. m. of that day by common time and about two and a half minutes after 12 o'clock by standard time. The court held that the insurance was still in force. It did not appear that any statute had enacted any change in the ordinary rule which regards noon as the time when the sun crosses the meridian. There was evidence of the customary use of standard time at that place, but this was held not sufficient. The court says: "It was not only necessary to show the customary use of standard time, but that by custom of the place at 12 o'clock at noon meant at 12 o'clock standard time."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Too Liberal Use of Salt.
Salt. The juices from beef in corned, together with the meat, is very indigestible and less nutritious. On cucumbers it draws out the water, toughens the fiber and renders them very indigestible. Salt acts in exactly the same way on fish as on meat. There are two ways of considering these changes. I would hardly say that salt destroys the food value, although it robs the flesh of part of its food value by making it less digestible.—Mrs. S. T. Rorer in Ladies' Home Journal.

The Brevity of Allart.
It was in Ballarat that Mark Twain found the local language so puzzling at first, the good people of the place deeming life too short to dawdle in their talk.
The mayor called on the American humorist and laconically said, "K'm." Then when Mark Twain gave him a cigar he simply said, "Q."

Subsequent inquiry revealed that these terms were Ballaratese for "welcome" and "thank you."—London Chronicle.

No Shattered Ideals.
"So she has gone home to her mother, has she? Don't you know, it's the saddest thing on earth to think of a trusting, fond woman awakening to find her ideals have been shattered, that she loves him no longer, that her idol has feet of clay?"

"Oh, there was nothing of that sort in it. She loves him as well as ever, but she went back to me because she was hungry."—Indianapolis Press.

Vigilance.
Stubbs—Is that new prison guard vigilant?

Fenn—I should say so. Why, some one told him the gas was escaping, and he grabbed his gun.—Chicago News.

Answered.
"A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer. Ain't that so?"
"I can't answer you."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Unique Introduction.

One day when calling upon Gambetta I found him vastly amused over a visit which he had received a few minutes previously from the late General Meredith Read, who for a number of years was United States envoy at Athens.

Then general, who until that time had been a perfect stranger to the great French statesman, had entered the latter's presence, carrying in his hand a volume entitled "Men of the Time," or some work of the kind. This he opened without saying a word, and laid on Gambetta's desk before attempting to greet him or to explain the purpose of his call.

Then, pointing to a column which contained a very eulogistic biographical notice of himself, he exclaimed, "Kindly read that," and when Gambetta, who read English with the utmost facility, had in compliance with the request, cast his eye over the page in question, General Read rose from his chair, and with a bow to Gambetta pointed to himself, exclaiming in tones of pardonable pride, "C'est moi!"

Then, and not until then, did he extend his hand to the great tribune, who, having meanwhile risen from his chair, expressed his pleasure at making the acquaintance of so distinguished an officer, who had rendered such valuable services to the United States. Gambetta informed me that in the whole of his long experience of public life he had never known a man to introduce himself in so delightfully original a manner.—Critic.

"Ze Flaeur De'Veat."

At one of his famous little dinners a prominent professional man of Washington was greatly pleased with the salad, as were also his guests. Evidently it was partly meat and partly vegetable, but the flavor was new, distinct and undetermined. This was so faint that one guest declared "It's not a taste at all, only a smell."

At length some one suggested that the chef be asked for the recipe, upon which the host remarked:
"My man greatly dislikes being asked for recipes. On this occasion, however, his vanity may overcome him if we tell how greatly we have enjoyed the dinner, and the salad in particular. At any rate, we'll see."

The Frenchman soon appeared, and was visibly affected, not to say elated, by the compliments.

"Et gît me gret plaisir," he said, "to tell how I mak ze salad. Eet ver' seuple. I haf ze laitue 'range ready; an I haf ze meat chop ver' fine an dry; ze celeri I haf chop ver' fine; an I haf ze pomme de terre, ze patate, an stan a little an dry; zen I mix zem up. Zen I mak' ze dressing mayonnaise; madame, she know, I haf all ver' col' ready as ze fesh ee seerf. Zen as ze salad ees to serf, I tak' une tete d'ail, parterick mol, one leetle cloaf of garlick an neeble him in ze mouth, so, an breathe gentle, ver' gentle, on ze salad. Zat gît eet ze flaeur de'Veat."—What to Eat.

Simple Questions.

The beginnings of a new primer have been made by one of our exchanges. The questions may be indefinitely continued by teacher and pupil.
"Give the corn in the field. Can the corn walk?"
"No, the corn stalks."
"See the pretty cake. Does the cake walk?"
"Never. But you should see a cake walk."
"Have a rope. Can the rope walk?"
"Yes, if it is tight."
"The hen is in the garden. Does the hen rise?"
"No, the hen sets."
"The mercury is in the tube. Will the mercury see?"
"No, my child. Wait until July and see."

A Variation.

The two old friends, as has been narrated before, met again after many years of separation.

"By the way, Brown," said Jones, "do you remember that snubbed creature of little Tibbory girl with a face of fire who would derailed an express train? She used to live somewhere in your neighborhood, I think."

"Oh, yes, I remember her perfectly," replied Brown.

"Whatever became of her?"
"I am sorry to disappoint you, Jones—but here is where the variation comes in—'but I have not the slightest idea. I didn't marry her.'—London King.

Away From Home.

It breaks parents to have their boys leave home, but it is the best thing that can ever happen to them. A man gets a training when away from home that he needs in after life, and which he can never receive at home. It is a grandmotherly notion that a man should be tucked in his bed at home every night until the day he marries and goes to a home of his own; such household treatment puts him in poor condition for the cold blasts he is bound to encounter later in life.—Athens, Globe.

The Other Way.

A pale and disheveled Frenchman who had not found "all the good in the war" all that could be expected, was sinking into his steamer chair, when a passenger asked cheerily: "Ah, good morning, monsieur; have you breakfasted?"
"No, monsieur," answered the pallid Frenchman, "I have not breakfasted; on the contrary!"

A part of the curious list of Lady Littleton's wedding outfit 200 years ago is as follows: "A black paddyway gown and coat, a pink unwatered paddy suit of cloaths, a gold-stuff suite of cloaths, a white worked with snail suts of cloaths."

To Pack Eggs For Long Keeping.
The yolk of the egg spoils much quicker than the white. For this reason it is important that the yolk should be surrounded with a layer of the white. If the egg is placed on the side or large end the heavy yolk will settle to the bottom and come in contact with the shell, which admits the air. If it is placed on the small end it will always have a layer of white between it and the shell. Eggs absorb odors easily, therefore only odorless materials should be used when packing them.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Unique in Their Alignment.

The highest of the Tennessee mountains is the Unken range, and its highest peak is Rattlesnake, the giant that stands above the Cherokee Indian reservation over 7,000 feet. Twenty-two peaks measure about 6,000 feet. A remarkable fact is that some of these peaks, standing directly opposite each other, measure exactly the same height, while others come within a few feet of a common height.—Chicago Record.

Only Turkish Hags are Allowed in Constantinople.

The latest man in North America discovered himself on the other evening in the swill bath apartments, not far from Lafayette square where he lives. He was lying on a couch in his lounging room, smoking a cigar, when the cigar went out—that is to say, the fire at the end of the cigar departed. The man raised himself on one arm with great effort, and snapped the messenger bell that was installed over the couch. Then he reclined and waited. After about ten minutes there was a knock at the door, and a messenger boy entered.

Too Much Burns.

Charles Mackay once told this story in connection with a Burns memorial: Mackay had promised to collect shillings for some monument to the honor of Burns, and he applied with confidence for a subscription to an Englishman who had represented in parliament for many years a certain Scottish borough.
"No," said Mr. Fortescue Harrison. "I am no longer in parliament, and I have now much pleasure in refusing to subscribe the shilling which in former days I should have been obliged to give. What I have suffered through Burns heaven alone can tell! First, I had to praise him in the most fulsome manner, without having read his works. Then I had to learn to recite portions of his poems by heart, and in doing so to give the Scotch accent. I have had to walk without my hat and with the rain pouring down upon my unprotected head as leader of a procession in honor of Burns, and under these circumstances I refuse with genuine delight to give a shilling or any smaller sum to the object you have in view."

The Latest Man.

The latest man in North America discovered himself on the other evening in the swill bath apartments, not far from Lafayette square where he lives. He was lying on a couch in his lounging room, smoking a cigar, when the cigar went out—that is to say, the fire at the end of the cigar departed. The man raised himself on one arm with great effort, and snapped the messenger bell that was installed over the couch. Then he reclined and waited. After about ten minutes there was a knock at the door, and a messenger boy entered.

"D'you ring, sir?" asked the boy.
"Yes, son," said the latest man in the western hemisphere. "Just gimme a match off that table there, will you?"
The boy handed the man on the couch a match and waited. The man relighted his cigar and smoked on.
"D'you want me to go somewhere, sir?" asked the boy, fidgeting.

"No, that's all," said the man. "Take that half dollar on the table."
Then the boy went out, grinning.
That man ought to be on some government "commission" to investigate something somewhere.—Washington Star.

No Nonsense.

Once in awhile there is a princess from whose lips plain words fall more readily than precious stones. One such, the wife of one of London's leading editors, figures in the "Personal Recollections" of H. Sutherland Edwards.
The editor had occasion to present a distinguished gentleman to his wife. He spoke as a husband, but he was not far wrong when he said, "Allow me to introduce you to the most charming woman in Europe."

"Don't be a fool, Sam!" said the lady, as she extended her hand.

WOMAN A BEAST OF BURDEN.

Heavy Loads Carried by Italians Through New York's Streets.

It is no uncommon sight to see Italian women walking along the streets balancing burdens on their heads that the average man would prefer to have sent home on a truck. A few days ago one of these women passed through City Hall park. On her head she was carrying what appeared to be the entire woodwork from the interior of some house. The bundle was made up of eight pieces of hard wood, the shortest being fully 12 feet in length. Each piece was six inches in width and an inch thick. The woman steadied the burden with one hand, while in the other she carried what one would consider a good load for one person in the shape of a bundle of shorter pieces of wood.

As she turned into Center street, near Chambers, the end of the load of lumber on her head came in contact with the head of a man who was going in the opposite direction. In order to prevent hitting him too hard the woman tried to turn to one side, and as she did so her burden fell to the walk. In vain she tried to replace it on her head. At last two men took hold of it, one at each end, and they found that even after their combined strength was just sufficient to lift it up and place it on the woman's head again. When the wood was finally adjusted in a proper position the woman picked up her smaller bundle and started up Center street.—New York Times.

A Little OE.

"My necktie is disarranged," Sherlock Holmes, Jr., suddenly exclaimed. His companion looked at him and said:
"How do you know? You haven't felt it, and there is no mirror here that you could have looked into. Sometimes, Mr. Holmes, I am almost forced, in spite of your declarations that you do these wonderful things by reasonable, human processes, to believe that you must be gifted with second sight. Now what has convinced you that your necktie is disarranged?"

"I noticed a man look at my tie just now and then feel of his own," the great detective answered.
"Wonderful! Wonderful! Only your tie is all right."—Chicago Times-Herald.

His Life For a Hand.

In a little town or village in Gloucestershire there is a church which contains the mortal remains of one of the old Crusaders. In moldering effigy he is depicted on the tomb, while by his side in cold eloquence is inscribed the form of his wife. It will be noticed by even the casual observer that the female image is bereft of one of the hands, and the story runs that the Crusader, while fighting in the east, was made a prisoner of war and brought before Saladin, who, before executing judgment upon him, asked him if there was any reason why he should not be put to death. To this the knight replied that he was but young, and would leave a newly wedded wife, who would bitterly mourn his loss.

"The love of woman is as a fleeting breath," retorted the sultan. "Your wife will forget that you have ever lived; she will love again and marry another." To this the sad knight could only reply that on her fidelity he could rest his soul. "Well, then," replied Saladin, "I will promise on my oath as a soldier that if this man's wife will cut off one of her hands and send it to me I will set him free to go to her." By tedious and slow journey the message came, and she, in all piteousness for him who was her lover and her lord, caused her hand to be cut off and sent it to the sultan, who kept his word and set the Crusader free.—Notes and Queries.

Only Turkish Hags are Allowed in Constantinople.

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A Chinese Story.

M. Monnier, the well known French Asiatic traveler, vouches for the truth of the following story of how his friend, Hop Sing, a traveled oriental and man of means and refinement, was one occasion sorely victimized. Hop Sing lived in the street of the roasted corn, as unsavory and as ill paved a street as any in all Peking. The local mandarin was an intimate friend of his, and Hop Sing availed himself of this friendship to press the mandarin to have the street repaved. Certainly. At once. The men would be at work on it before Hop Sing had returned home. A week passed, then another visit, and so on, until, in despair, Hop Sing determined to have the street repaved at his own expense. The work was satisfactorily completed.

The surprise of Hop Sing was only equalled by his indignation when, on awaking one morning, he found a gang of coolies upheaving the newly flagged street. His surprise grew when he heard from the mandarin's own lips that the men were there at his orders.
"You see, my dear friend," said the mandarin. "I am expecting the head inspector round here in a few days. Now, if he were to see the beautiful pavement you have laid down in your street he would come to the conclusion that there was money about, and he would assuredly bleed every vein in my body. This would mean my ruin. Don't you see why your pavement really must come up? It cost me one fortune to secure my post. I don't want to spend another in keeping it."

Thoreau's Mother's Ghost.

"Besides Thoreau and his mother, the house (at Concord) has had for its occupants A. Bronson Alcott and family, including his distinguished daughter, Louisa M., the author," writes Samuel S. Kingdon in The Ladies' Home Journal. "To them sometimes came the ghost of Mrs. Thoreau. Those who know Mrs. Thoreau and her habits confirm the description given by a servant, who left the house because of the visitation, in every detail; her tall, figure, her big, white cap, her stealthy step, her quiet comings, her noiseless goings."

"When seen, she invariably stood in the doorway, her great cap well adjusted, her neat handkerchief, half unfolded, tucked securely into the waistband of her full dress skirt—pausing a moment on the threshold, looking anxiously about, then stooping and running her finger along the edge of the moribund, to see if perchance a speck of dust had found lodgment there. Proceeding to the workroom, she glanced in, then retired to the fireplace, stooping over it and muttering with her hands as if in the act of covering the coals with ashes."

"In life, it should be said, the two prominent characteristics of Mrs. Thoreau were an abhorrence of dust and a dread of fire. Satisfied on these points, the spirit would disappear. Unlike other ghosts, this one always appeared in the daytime."

A Wonderful Bird.

One day a wonderful bird tapped at the window of Mrs. Nansen's—wife of the famous Arctic explorer—home at Christiansia. Instantly the window was opened and in another moment she covered the little messenger with kisses and caresses.

The visitor pigeon had been away from the cottage 20 long months, but it had not forgotten the way home. It brought a note from Nansen, stating that all was going well with him and his expedition in the polar region. Nansen had fastened a message to the bird and turned it loose.

The frail courier darted out into the blizzards air. It drew like an arrow over a thousand miles of frozen waste, and then sped forward over another thousand miles of ocean, across plains and forests, and one morning entered the window of the waiting mistress and delivered the message which she had been awaiting so anxiously.

We boast of human pluck, sagacity and endurance, but this loving little carrier pigeon, in its homeward flight, after an absence of 30 months, accomplished a feat so wonderful that we can only give ourselves up to the amazement and admiration which must overwhelm every one when the marvelous story is told.—Atlanta Constitution.

A Lingering Illness.

The Prodigal—Madier, I've come to die.
The Mother—Ye have, have ye? An to take about 20 years to do it in, like your father did. No more! Ye go into the next county to do your dyin!—Kansas City Independent.

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Anxious to Do His Best.

It was a mean trick, but, then, that is the kind that's usually successful. "That dog," said the owner, "will bring me anything I send him for, and I am willing to bet on it."
Straightway a bet was arranged, and then the manager of the billiard hall suggested that he would like to have the pool table brought to him.
"Certainly," answered the owner of the dog, and he pointed to the table and said, "Fetch it!"
The dog raced around it once or twice and then grabbed a pocket and tore it off.

"Hold on!" cried the billiard man. "He'll ruin the table."
"Of course," answered the owner of the dog, "but if you give him time he'll get it all over here. You didn't suppose he could bring it in one trip, did you?"
But the billiard man paid the bet.—Chicago Post.

A Friend In Need.

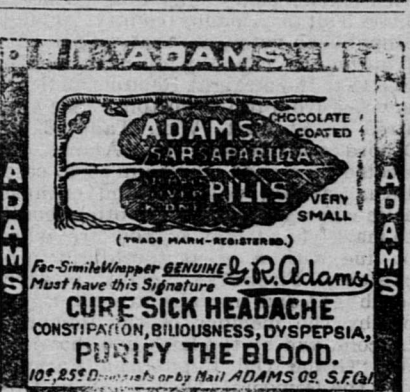
About half an hour had been expended by the bashful young man in a series of advances and retreats, and little Johnny's cramped position behind the sofa was becoming somewhat painful.
"I wish I dared!"—the young man commenced on a new attack, when the couple were electrified by an impatient exclamation behind them: "Aw, make a break! She's dead easy!"—Brooklyn Life.

Town Gossip.

It is generally agreed that the small town is a pleasant place to live in, except that there is always a great amount of gossip in such places. Why do not worthy people control in this matter of gossip as they do in other respects? Are the small towns of the country to be made undesirable as places of residences to please a lot of cheap people who ought to be controlled (and regulated)—Athens Globe.

Forewarned.

A Yorkshire vicar tells how he once received the following note from one of his parishioners: "This is to give notice that I and Miss Emma Brearley, are coming to your church on Saturday afternoon next to undergo the operation of matrimony at your hands. Please be prompt, as the cab is hired by the hour. Forewarned is forearmed."—London Tit-Bits.



GOING TO MEXICO?

The Southern Pacific Company will run a Special Train of Pullman Sleeping Cars from San Francisco to the City of Mexico, leaving on Wednesday, November 14th, and passing Los Angeles on the following day.
The round trip rate from San Francisco will be \$80; from Los Angeles \$70, and proportionate rates from other points.
It is calculated that the excursion will require about 30 days, but tickets will be good for 60 days, so that those who wish may prolong their visit. Very complete arrangements are provided for side trips. Mexico is famous for its strange, quaint and curious attractions, but unfortunately not all of them are found on the main avenues of travel. They can be visited at small cost and should not be omitted.
The excursion will be in charge of Wm. H. Menton, Excursion Passenger Agent of the Southern Pacific, who is familiar with Mexico, speaks its language, and will cheerfully give all desired information to inquirers. Go and see or address him at 613 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal., or
Inquire of M. W. GORDON, AGENT S. P. CO. AT IONE DEPOT.

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including discussions, correspondence and speeches of the ablest political leaders, brilliant editorials, reports from all sections of the land showing progress of the work, etc., etc., and will commend itself to the careful perusal of every thoughtful, intelligent voter who has the true interests of his country at heart.

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Hardy Downing, the middle distance champion, Feb. 22, broke all world's records from 1 to 15 miles on a 1900 White Bicycle.

H. B. Freeman broke the one mile competition record

Feb. 18th, on a 1900 "White" Bicycle.

H. B. Freeman holds the world's one mile record of 1:28 2-5, made on the "White" wheel. All famous champions ride the "King of Wheels," the White.

Orlando Stevens, Johnny Chapman, H. B. Freeman, Hardy Downing, F. A. McFarland,

and others. You can't afford to buy a cheaper wheel than the "White," and pay out more to keep it in order during a single season than a high-grade "White" costs in the beginning. Don't buy cheap! You see the 1900 "White" is the only modern wheel on the market. We don't sell you '98 or '99 goods for 1900 models.

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Character in Thighs.
A man's thighs interest me in any mood and at any time. While you may say a man's character from his face, you can, if you will, get his past life from his thighs. It is the walking beam of his locomotion, controls his paddles and is developed in proportion to its uses. It indicates, therefore, a man's habits and his mode of life.

If he has sat all day with one leg lapped over the other, arm on chair, head on hand, listening or studying—preachers, professors and all other sedentaries sit like this—then the thigh shrinks, the muscles droop, the bones of the ankle bulge, and the knee joints push through. If he delivers mail or collects bills or drives a pack mule or walks a towpath, the muscles of the thigh are hauled tight like cables, the knee of knots—one big bunch just below the strap of his knickerbockers, should he wear them.

If he carries big weights on his back—sacks of salt, as do the stevedores in Venice; or coal in gunnies, as do the coolies in Cuba, or wine casks or coffee in bags—then the calves swell abnormally, the thighs solidify; the lines of beauty are lost, but the lines of strength remain.

If, however, he has spent his life in the saddle, rounding up cattle, chasing Indians, hunting bandits in Mexico, ankle and foot loose, his knees clutched tightly, hugging that other part of him, the horse, then the muscles of the thigh round out their intended lines—the most subtle in the modulating curving of the body.—F. Hopkinson Smith in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

The Sin Eater.
One of the most important figures at a Gaelic funeral of the old style is the sin eater. It falls to his lot to consume all the sins resting on the soul of the dead, and thereby enable the latter to rest easy in his grave.

In remote Wales and the highlands of Scotland a funeral is not always complete without this functionary. He is necessarily a poor, unfortunate person, for under happier circumstances he could not be persuaded to accept the responsibility of his post, and his part in the ceremony is taken seriously by himself and everybody else.

A loaf of bread and a jug of beer are laid upon the corpse. These are symbolic of sins committed during life. The sin eater is introduced with much solemnity eats the bread and drinks the beer. As he is frequently a hungry man with a well developed taste for malt liquors, the part is usually played with zest a little out of keeping with the dreadful nature of the obligation assumed, for it is firmly believed that in thus eating and drinking the sin eater actually burdens his soul with the sins of the deceased.—Kansas City Independent.

COURTS RULED BY SUN TIME

As yet in Various States Refuse to Accept Standard Reckoning.

If you ever expect to go to law over a question in which time is involved, however slightly, don't monkey with standard time. It won't go in the courts. To be sure, you can't catch trains if you don't use standard time to do it, but you will miss the verdict if you do. In Georgia the court of appeals decided that the use of standard time instead of sun time in regulating a trial was an error. In the particular case in question the sun time was faster than the railroad time, and a verdict was received after 12 o'clock on Saturday night by the sun time, though before 12 by standard time. It was decided that sun time should have been followed.

In Nebraska a certain summons was returnable before a justice at 10 o'clock a. m. The defendant failed to appear. The justice waited until 11 o'clock standard time, which was about half an hour faster than common time, and then gave judgment by default. The defendant then appeared before 11 o'clock common time, and it was held that the judgment by default was premature and invalid.

In Iowa there was a question as to the expiration of an insurance policy, which by its terms extended until 12 o'clock at noon of a certain day. Fire broke out at about 11:45 o'clock a. m. of that day by common time and about two and a half minutes after 12 o'clock by standard time. The court held that the insurance was still in force. It did not appear that any statute had enacted any change in the ordinary rule which regards noon as the time when the sun crosses the meridian. There was evidence of the customary use of standard time at that place, but this was held not sufficient. The court says: "It was not only necessary to show the customary use of standard time, but that by custom of the place at 12 o'clock at noon meant at 12 o'clock standard time."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Too Liberal Use of Salt.
Salt draws the juices from beef in cooking, toughens the fiber, makes it very indigestible and less nutritious. On cucumbers it draws out the water, toughens the fiber and renders them very indigestible. Salt acts in exactly the same way on fish as on meat. There are two ways of considering these changes. I would hardly say that salt destroys the food value, although it robs the flesh of part of its food value by making it less digestible.—Mrs. E. T. Rorer in Ladies' Home Journal.

The Brevity of Ballarat.
It was in Ballarat that Mark Twain found the local language so puzzling at first, the good people of the place deeming "life too short to dawdle in their talk."

The mayor called on the American humorist and ironically said, "K'm." Then when Mark Twain gave him a cigar he simply said "Q."

Subsequent inquiry revealed that these terms were Ballaratese for "welcome" and "thank you."—London Chronicle.

No Shattered Ideals.
"So she has gone home to her mother, has she? Don't you know, it's the saddest thing on earth to think of a trusting, fond woman awakening to find her ideals have been shattered, that she loves him no longer, that her ideal has feet of clay?"

"Oh, there was nothing of that sort in it. She loves him as well as ever, but she went back to me because she was hungry."—Indianapolis Press.

Vigilance.
Stubb—Is that new prison guard vigilant?

Penn—I should say so. Why, some one told him the gas was escaping, and he grabbed his gun.—Chicago News.

Answered.
"A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer. Ain't that right?" "I can't answer you."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Unique Introduction.
One day when calling upon Gambetta I found him vastly amused over a visit which he had received a few minutes previously from the late General Meredith Read, who for a number of years was United States envoy at Athens.

Then general, who until that time had been a perfect stranger to the great French statesman, had entered the latter's presence, carrying in his hand a volume entitled "Men of Time," or some work of the kind. This he opened, without saying a word, and laid on Gambetta's desk before attempting to greet him or to explain the purpose of his call.

Then, pointing to a column which contained a very eulogistic biographical notice of himself, he exclaimed, "Kindly read that," and when Gambetta, who read English with the utmost facility, had, in compliance with the request, cast his eyes over the page in question, General Read rose from his chair, and with a bow to Gambetta, pointed to himself, exclaiming in tones of pardonable pride, "C'est moi."

Then, and not until then, did he extend his hand to the great tribune, who, having meanwhile risen from his chair, expressed his pleasure at making the acquaintance of so distinguished an officer, who had rendered such valuable services to the United States. Gambetta informed me that in the whole of his long experience of public life he had never known a man to introduce himself in so delightfully original a manner.—Critic.

"Ze Flair De'cat."
At one of his famous little dinners a prominent professional man of Washington was greatly pleased with the salad, as were also his guests. Evidently it was partly meat and partly vegetable, but the flavor was new, distinct and undetermined. This was so faint that one guest declared "It's not a taste at all, only a smell."

At length some one suggested that the chef be asked for the recipe, upon which the host remarked: "My man greatly dislikes being asked for recipes. On this occasion, however, his vanity may overcome him if we tell how greatly we have enjoyed the dinner, and the salad in particular. At any rate, we'll see."

The Frenchman soon appeared, and was visibly affected, not to say elated, by the compliments.

"Et gif me gret plaisir," he said, "to tell how I mak ze salad. Et ver' seuple. I haf ze laiture 'range ready; an I haf ze meat chop ver' fine an dry; ze celer I haf chop ver' fine; an I haf ze pomme de terre, ze patate, an stan a leetle an dry; zen I mix zem up. Zen I mak' ze dresseng mayonnaise; madame, she know. I haf all col' ready as ze feesh es seef. Zen ze salad es to seef. I taf ze lettuce af, pardonnez moi, one leetle cloaf of ze garlick an neebble him in ze mouth, so, an breathe gentle, ver' gentle, on ze salad. Zat gif eet ze flaur de'cat."—What to Eat.

Simple Questions.

The beginnings of a new primer have been made by one of our exchanges. The questions may be indefinitely continued by teacher and pupil.

"See the corn in the field. Can the corn walk?"

"No, the corn stalks."

"See the pretty cake. Does the cake stalk?"

"Never. But you should see a cake walk."

"I have a rope. Can the rope walk?"

"Yes, if it is tight."

"The hen is in the garden. Does the hen walk?"

"No, the hen sets."

"The mercury is in the tube. Will the mercury set?"

"No, my child. Wait until July and see."

A Variation.

The two old friends, as has been narrated before, met again after many years of separation.

"By the way, Brown," said Jones, "do you remember that snubbed cross eyed little Tibury girl with a face off her head that would derail an express train? She used to live somewhere in your neighborhood, I think."

"Oh, yes, I remember her perfectly," replied Brown.

"Whatever became of her?"

"I am sorry to disappoint you, Jones," here is where the variation comes in. "I have not the slightest idea. I didn't marry her."—London King.

Away From Home.

It breaks parents to have their boys leave home, but it is the best thing that can ever happen to them. A man gets a training when away from home that he needs in after life, and which he can never receive at home. It is a grandmotherly notion that a man should be tucked in his bed at home every night until the day he marries and goes to a home of his own; such household treatment puts him in poor condition for the cold blasts he is bound to encounter later in life.—Atchison Globe.

The Other Way.

A pale and disheveled Frenchman who had not found "life on the ocean wave" all that could be expected, was sinking into his steamer chair, when a passenger asked cheerily: "Ah, good morning, monsieur; have you breakfasted?"

"No, monsieur," answered the pallid Frenchman, "I have not breakfasted; on the contrary."

A part of the curious list of Lady Littleton's wedding outfit 200 years ago is as follows: "A black paddyway gown and coat, a pink unstuffed paddy sate of cloaths, a gold-stuffed sate of cloaths, a white worked with snail sate of cloaths."

To Pack Eggs For Long Keeping.

The yolk of the egg spoils much quicker than the white. For this reason it is important that the yolk should be surrounded with a layer of the white. If the egg is placed on the side or large end the heavy yolk will settle to the bottom and come in contact with the shell, which admits the air. If it is placed on the small end it will always have a layer of white between it and the shell. Eggs absorb odors easily, therefore only odorless materials should be used when packing them.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Unique In Their Alignment.

The highest of the Tennessee mountains is the Unaka range, and its highest peak is Rattlesnake, the plant that stands above the Cherokee Indian reservation over 7,000 feet. Twenty-two peaks measure about 6,000 feet. A remarkable fact is that some of these peaks, standing directly opposite each other, measure exactly the same height, while others come within a few feet of a common height.—Chicago Record.

Too Much Burns.
Charles Mackay once told this story in connection with a Burns memorial: Mackay had promised to collect shillings for some monument to the honor of Burns, and he applied with confidence for a subscription to an Englishman who had represented in parliament for many years a certain Scottish borough.

"No," said Mr. Fortescue Harrison. "I am no longer in parliament, and I have now much pleasure in refusing to subscribe the shilling which in former days I should have been obliged to give. What I have suffered through Burns heaven alone can tell! First, I had to praise him in the most fulsome manner, without having read his works. Then I had to learn to recite portions of his poems by heart, and in doing so to give the verses as much as possible with the Scotch accent. I have had to walk without my hat and with the rain pouring down upon my unprotected head as leader of a procession in honor of Burns, and under these circumstances I refuse with genuine delight to give a shilling or any smaller sum to the object you have in view."

The Laziest Man.

The laziest man in North America discovered himself the other evening in the swell bachelor apartments not far from Lafayette square where he lives. He was lying on a couch in his lounging room, smoking a cigar, when the cigar went out—that is to say, the fire at the end of the cigar departed. The man raised himself on one arm with great effort, and snapped the messenger bell that was installed over the couch. The bell rang and waited. After about ten minutes there was a knock at the door, and a messenger boy entered.

"D'you ring, sir?" asked the boy. "Yes, son," said the laziest man in the western hemisphere. "Just gimme a match off that table there, will you?"

The boy handed the man on the couch a match and waited. The man relighted his cigar and smoked on.

"D'you want me to go somewhere."

"No, that's all," said the man. "Take that half dollar on the table."

Then the boy went out, grinning.

That man ought to be on some government "commission" to investigate something somewhere.—Washington Star.

No Nonsense.

Once in awhile there is a princess from whose lips plain words fall more readily than precious sentences. One such, the wife of one of London's leading editors, figures in the "Personal Recollections" of H. Sutherland Edwards.

The editor had occasion to present a distinguished gentleman to his wife. He spoke as a husband, but he was not

long when he said, "Allow me to introduce you to the most charming woman in Europe."

"Don't be a fool, Sam!" said the lady, as she extended her hand.

WOMAN A BEAST OF BURDEN.

Heavy Loads Carried by Italians Through New York's Streets.

It is no uncommon sight to see Italian men walking along the streets balancing burdens on their heads that the average man would prefer to have sent home on a truck. A few days ago one of these women passed through City Hall park. On her head she was carrying what appeared to be the entire woodwork from the interior of some house. The bundle was made up of eight pieces of hard wood, the shortest being fully 12 feet in length. Each piece was six inches in width and an inch thick. The woman staidied this

load with one hand, while in the other she carried what one would consider a good load for one person in the shape of a bundle of shorter pieces of wood.

As she turned into Center street, near Chambers, the end of the load of lumber on her head came in contact with the head of a man who was going in the opposite direction. In order to prevent hitting him too hard the woman tried to turn to one side, and as she did so her burden fell to the walk. In vain she tried to replace it on her head. At last two men took hold of it, one at each end. They fought over it, their combined strength was just sufficient to lift it up and place it on the woman's head again. When the wood was finally adjusted in a proper position the woman picked up her smaller bundle and started up Center street.—New York Times.

A Lingering Hincase.

The Prodigal—Maddler, I've come to die.

The Mother—Ye have, have ye? An to take about 20 years to do it in, like your father did. Nonsense! Ye go into the next county to do your dyin'—Kansas City Independent.

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WE TAKE PLEASURE IN INFORMING OUR PATRONS and the public generally that we have on hand a

very choice selected stock of DRY GOODS of all kinds, GROCERIES and PROVISIONS, CLOTHING, BOOTS and SHOES.

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superior assortment of all kinds of HARDWARE, such as Carriage Bolts, Screws, Nails, and, in fact, everything the market demands. We are sole agents for the celebrated

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Only Turkish Bags are allowed in Constantinople

A Chinese Story.
M. Monnier, the well known French Asiatic traveler, vouches for the truth of the following story of how his friend, Hop Sing, a traveled oriental and man of means and refinement, was on one occasion sorely victimized. Hop Sing lived in the street of the roasted corn, as unsavory and as ill paved a street as any in all Peking. The local mandarin was an intimate friend of his, and Hop Sing availed himself of this friendship to press the mandarin to have the street repaved. Certainly. At once. The men would be at work on it before Hop Sing had returned home. A week passed, then another

visit, and so on, until, in despair, Hop Sing determined to have the street repaired at his own expense. The work was satisfactorily completed.

The surprise of Hop Sing was only equalled by his indignation when, on awaking one morning, he found a gang of coolies upheaving the newly flagged street. His surprise grew when he heard from the mandarin's own lips that the men were there at his orders.

"You see, my dear friend," said the mandarin, "I am expecting the head inspector round here in a few days. Now, if he were to see the beautiful pavement you have laid down in your street he would come to the conclusion that there was money about, and he would assuredly bleed every vein in my body. This would mean my ruin. Don't you see why your pavement really must come up? It cost me one fortune to secure my post. I don't want to spend another in keeping it."

Thoreau's Mother's Ghost.
"Besides Thoreau and his mother, the house (at Concord) has had for its occupants A. Bronson Alcott and family, including his distinguished daughter, Louisa M., the author," writes Samuel S. Kingdon in "The Ladies' Home Journal." "To them sometimes came the ghost of Mme. Thoreau. Those who know Mme. Thoreau and her habits confirm the description given by a servant, who left the house because of the visitation, in every detail; her tall, gaunt figure, her big, white cap, her stealthy steps, her quiet comings, her noiseless goings.

"When seen, she invariably stood in the doorway, her great cap well adjusted, her neat handkerchief, half unfolded, tucked securely into the waistband of her full dress skirt—pausing a moment on the threshold, looking anxiously about, then stooping and running her finger along the edge of the moldboard, to see if perchance a speck of dust had found lodgment there. Proceeding to the workroom, she glanced in, then glided to the fireplace, stooping over it and motioning with her hands as if in the act of covering the coals with ashes.

"In life, it should be said, the two prominent characteristics of Mme. Thoreau were an abhorrence of dust and a dread of fire. Satisfied on these points, the spirit would disappear. Unlike other ghosts, this one always appeared in the daytime."

A Successful Bird.

One day a wonderful bird tapped at the window of Mrs. Nansen's—wife of the famous Arctic explorer—home at Christiania. Instantly the window was opened and in another moment she covered the little messenger with kisses and caresses.

The carrier pigeon had been away from the cottage 30 long months, but it had not forgotten the way home. It brought a note from Nansen, stating that all was going well with him and his expedition in the polar region.

Nansen had fastened a message to the bird and turned it loose.

The frail courier darted out into the blizzards air. It flew like an arrow over a thousand miles of frozen waste, and then sped forward over another thousand miles of ocean and plains and forests, and one morning entered the window of the waiting mistress and delivered the message which she had been awaiting so anxiously.

We boast of human pluck, sagacity and endurance, but this loving little carrier pigeon, in its homeward flight, after an absence of 30 months, accomplished a feat so wonderful that we can only give ourselves up to the amazement and admiration which must overwhelm every one when the marvelous story is told.—Atlanta Constitution.

A Lingering Hincase.

The Prodigal—Maddler, I've come to die.

The Mother—Ye have, have ye? An to take about 20 years to do it in, like your father did. Nonsense! Ye go into the next county to do your dyin'—Kansas City Independent.

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DON'T BE A CLAM

And take some other kind because a little cheaper. Best is always cheapest in the end, and the Jordan "AAA1" Cutlery is "It." For sale by the leading dealers everywhere.

GOING TO MEXICO?

The Southern Pacific Company will run a Special Train of Pullman Sleeping Cars from San Francisco to the City of Mexico, leaving on Wednesday, November 14th, and passing Los Angeles on the following day.

The round trip rate from San Francisco will be \$80, from Los Angeles \$70, and proportionate rates from other points.

It is calculated that the excursion will require about 30 days, but tickets will be good for 60 days, so that those who wish may prolong their visit. Very complete arrangements are provided for side trips. Mexico is famous for its strange, quaint and curious attractions, but unfortunately not all of them are found on the main avenues of travel. They can be visited at small cost and should not be omitted.

The excursion will be in charge of Wm. H. Menton, Extension Passenger Agent of the Southern Pacific, who is familiar with Mexico, speaks its language, and will cheerfully give all desired information to inquirers. Go and see or address him at 618 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal., or

Inquire of M. W. GORDON, AGENT S. P. CO. AT IONE DEPOT.

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